

In Recital

Pamela Hauser, soprano

assisted by

Làszló Nemes, piano

With Special Guests:

Jennifer McAllister, flute

Sarah Chaput, soprano

**Saturday, March 11, 1995
at 8:00 pm**

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

This recital is dedicated to God in heaven who gave me music my family, friends and teachers who give me my songs, and help me sing them, and especially to you, my audience, who listen patiently while I share my heart, in hope that it will somehow touch yours.

Program

Pietà Signore

Alessandro Stradella
(1645-1682)

Pur dicesti, O bocca bella

Antonio Lotti
(1667-1745)

Nel cor più non mi sento

Giovanni Paisiello
(1740-1816)

From Rosey Bowers (1694)
From: (*Don Quixote*)

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Blute nur
Ich will dir mein Herze schemken
Aus Liebe
From: (*St. Matthew Passion 1727*)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee süsse (1735)
From: (*The Coffee Cantata*)
Jennifer McAllister, flute

INTERMISSION

Program cond't

Vorrei Spiegarmi, O Dio (1783)
Der Hölle Rache Kocht in meinem Herzen (1791)
From: *(Die Zauberflöte)*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Weg der Liebe
Die Schwestern
Kloster fräulein
Klänge (no. I)
Klänge (no. II)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Sarah Chaput, soprano

Les oiseaux dans la charmille (1881)
From: *(Les Contes D'Hoffmann)*

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Ms. Hauser is generously supported by the Vienna Opera Ball Society.

This evenings performance is partial requirement for the completion of Ms. Hauser's
vocal Performance Degree

Text and Translation:

Pietà Signore

Pity me Lord,

Pity my sorrow

If my prayer reaches you,

Do not punish me harshly

Always merciful,

You turn your glance to soothe me.

What hell it is to be cast in the fire
outside of your presence.

Great God, never cast me in the fire
Away from you.

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella

O beautiful mouth,

You that said the sweet and dear word "yes"

Which makes all my pleasure.

For the honor of his reputation

Love opened you with a kiss

Sweet fountain of pleasure.

Nel cor più non mi sento

No longer do I feel youth sparkle in my heart.

The cause of my torment?

Love, you are the guilty one.

You excite me, bite me, prick me, pinch me;

What is this alas?

Pity! Pity! Love is a certain something
that drives me crazy.

From rosy bowers

From Rosy Bowers, where sleeps the God of
Love,

Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly.

Teach me in soft, melodious songs to move.

With tender passion my heart's darling joy

Ah! let the soul of Musick tune my voice

To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing

Is to be brisk and airy,

With a step and a bound,

And a Frisk from the ground,

I will trip like any Fairy

As once on Ida dancing,

Were three celestial bodies,

With an air and a face,

A shape and a grace,

Let me charm like Beauty's Goddess.

Ah! 'Tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,

Death and Despair must end the fatal pain.

Cold, cold despair disguis'd, like Snow and Rain,
Falls on my breast: Bleak winds in Tempests
blow.

My veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow:

My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,

And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is
froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,

Shall I Thaw myself, or drown

Amongst the foaming billows,

Increasing all with tears I shed?

On beds of ooze, and Crystal Pillows,

Lay down my Love-sick head?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,

that soon my heart will warm;

When once the sense is fled,

Love has no Power to charm.

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,

Robes, locks shall thus be torn

A Thousand deaths I'll die,

Ere thus in vain adore.

Blute nur

Continue to bleed dear heart

A child which you have raised

Which at your breast has sucked

Threatens to murder it's care giver.

For it has become a serpent.

Ich will dir

I will give my heart to you.

Sink yourself into this idea.

I want to sink myself into you.

The word is too small for you,

So should you alone be for me

more than world and heaven.

Aus Liebe

Because of love wants my savior to die.
About sin he knows nothing
So that the eternally ruined
And the trial's punishment
Will not stay upon my heart.

Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee Süsse

AH! How sweet the coffee tastes!
More pleasant than one thousand kisses.
Milder than musket wine
Coffee must I have
And if someone wants to please me
Then pour me some coffee!

Vorrei Spiegarmi, O Dio

Of heaven! I would like to tell you
the reason for my anguish,
but Fate condemns me
to weep in silence.
My heart cannot burn
for one who would love me,
and a bitter duty
makes me seem cruel.

Ah go, Count,
leave me, fly
far from me.
Your beloved
Emilia awaits you;
do not cause her to pine.
She is worthy of your love.
Oh pitiless stars!
You are my foes.
(I am lost if he remains, oh heaven!)

Go, go in haste;
do not speak of love;
yours is her heart.

Der Hölle Rache Kocht in Meinem Herzen

My heart is seething with hellish vengeance,
death and despair are blazing around me!
Unless Sarasto feels the pangs of death
at your hands
you are no longer me daughter.

For ever destroyed may all ties of nature be,
unless Sarasto dies at your hands!
Hear! Gods of vengeance! Hear a mother's vow!

Weg der Liebe

The knot which love tied
Can break open and die
What cunning effort do you give?
Love will find it's way past what you are doing
If he were locked up and changed
His name sealed away
With passionate winds
You would glide to me
If you were far from the mountains and the sea
I would journey through the sea.
If you were a swallow and
would glide along the brook
I would be a swallow also
And glide after you!

Die Schwestern

We sisters two
We pretty ones
We look alike
No two eggs or stars
look as alike as we do.
We pretty sisters
Both have brown hair
Braid the hair into one braid
And one doesn't notice the difference
We wear the same clothes
We walk hand in hand
Singing in the meadow
We spin together
We sit together
We sleep in the same bed.
O sisters two
How you have changed!
You love the same sweetheart!
Now the story ends.

Klosterfräulein

Ah! poor cloistered maiden.
Oh mother, what have you done?

Spring has passed the gate
And has brought me no flowers.
AH! down there
two sheep walk in the valley
I wish you luck little lambs
You see spring for the first time
Ah! How far above
Two little birds fly
Good luck birds,
You fly to a better home.

Klange I

From the earth springs forth flowers
From the sky springs forth light
From the heart springs forth love
And the pain that breaks it.
the flowers must wilt
The light is followed by night
And the love is followed by yearning
that the gloomy heart makes.

Klang II

When a tired corpse is buried
Bells ring as it is laid to rest,
And the earth heals the wound
With the most beautiful flowers.
When love is buried
Songs are sung as it is laid to rest.
And the wound brings the flowers
Yet the grave only locks the wound shut.

Les oiseaux dans la charmille

the birds in the bower and in the s
And the stars of the day
All talk to the young girl of Love.
AH! There is the gentle song
the song of Olympia!
All that sings and rings and dighs all around
Moves his heart to beat with love.
AH! There is the charming song of Olympia

